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BENJ. PETERSON,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1439.

Words of Wisdom.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

(To commemorate the birth-day of Washington, the glorious 22nd of February, we know no better mode than to publish the principal portion of that admirable Farewell Address, written upon taking leave of public life after forty-five years dedicated to the service of his country. What has been said of a certain character in the Bible, might be said perhaps with equal truth of Washington: that "his example was as if it were had inspired at the oracle of God.")

A solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn consideration, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of our hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or enforce the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquility at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in the political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed; it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and to speak of it as a palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings and success.

But these considerations, however powerfully they plead in favor of the connection, are liable, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the same agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand.—Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds in them a hardy and vigilant guard. The East, in like manner, finds in the agriculture, and in the navigation of the South, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort—and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions, to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other connection with the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with a foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign broils, and exemption from many expenditures, they must otherwise bear; which spring from the neighborhood of insidious and unfriendly greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign broils, and exemption from many expenditures, they must otherwise bear; which spring from the neighborhood of insidious and unfriendly neighbors. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which under any form of government are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are invited to look for it, and we have it in full view. It is the experience of the present day. But we shall not be left merely to conjecture. The full experience of three hundred years is before us. In the history of our own country, and in that of our own times, it is easy to point out many substantial benefits which have resulted from the union. But a slight attention to the subject will furnish abundant additional illustration. When we survey the wide space from our eastern to our western boundary, and trace the many circumstances of soil, climate, and industry, which diversify its parts, we shall be inclined to conclude that a government for the whole is indispensable. No argument can be required to prove that the parts, connected as they would be by the most intimate relations, and kept together by the same fundamental interests, could not but find in a united government a more commanding motive for the preservation of their union, than in a government of any other description; for in every other part of the country it will be found, that those interests, which, from difference of position, have the most influence upon the sentiments and actions of the people, are perpetually contending with the heterogeneous ones which surround them. Where shall a man be found, who can be conscientiously opposed to the measures of administration, how affecting soever his particular concerns, who does not prefer to see them executed, rather than defeated? Without government, how shall the parts of the whole be preserved from contradictory and conflicting regulations, or how can any order be maintained, unless there be some acknowledged common authority? Without it, what shall secure free communication between the parts, or foster and accelerate improvement in those channels of communication, which are indispensable to the activity of commerce, to the speedy settlement of the wilderness, to the extension of agriculture, to the embellishment of life? Without it, what shall hasten the growth of manufactures, which are equally necessary to national independence and individual convenience? Without it, what must we expect, but that the longer our separation, the more we shall be estranged from each other, having fewer and weaker ties of sympathy, fewer mutual stakes in the pursuits of industry, in the enjoyments of life, in the chances of war, and exposed, in consequence, to all the mischiefs of hostility, and to the broils and wars with which the combinations, rivalships and intrigues of Europe so frequently involve the peace of nations, who have connections with it? Will it be said, that this may be avoided by treaties of commerce? Let the history of the past answer the question. Let the public debts of France and England, of Holland and Germany, of Austria and Prussia, declare the answer. To me it seems unquestionable, that without union, not only all the commercial treaties we could make would be of little avail, but that the genius of revenue would be taught speedily to contrive new burdens on commerce, which would be nearly equivalent to prohibitions. Besides, that the genius of war, always inseparable from the genius of revenue, would be perpetually finding occasions for interruptions of our intercourse, for seizures, for embargoes, for captures and reprisals, which would involve our merchants in ruin, discourage navigation, and beget contests and wars among ourselves.

In the execution of the various powers and trusts, with which you may entrust the general government, it will be found, that there must be a progressive augmentation of expense. It is an error to conclude, that we can always lessen expense by lessening the number of those who are employed in the public service. In many cases, it tends to create unnecessary offices, for the sake of the salaries or the patronage attached to them. In many others, it serves to foment unnecessary expenditures, for the gratification of popular humors. In our country, the number of persons directly employed in the public service is comparatively small. Yet, measured by the proportion between the whole number of the people and the number employed, it will be found considerably greater than in any other country, which has performed as much for the accommodation and security of its citizens. Nor is this all. The tendency of every government is to enlarge the circle of its influence, and to add to the number of its dependants. Hence, in the course of human affairs, governments, which set out with a certain portion of influence, have generally left it behind them. Hence, too, the tendency of every government to enlarge its expenditures. Whether this tendency be the result of the natural progress of human affairs, or of the desire of those who conduct them, to secure the means of doing good, or of the means of personal aggrandizement, it is certain that it exists, and that it is powerful. Whether, then, the number of persons employed, or the expenditures of government, have been increased, or not, it is certain that they have increased, and that they are likely to increase. Hence, the necessity of a vigilant attention to the subject, and of a disposition to diminish, rather than to augment, the number of persons employed, and the expenditures of government.

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Our Portrait Gallery.

WASHINGTON.

Original Sketch.

THE ENTRY OF THE AMERICAN ARMY INTO PUEBLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MAINE REID.

That a body of fifty thousand men should march across an hundred miles of the enemy's country—across rugged hills and sterile plains, offering but little prospect of supplies, and none, whatever, of the possibility of retreat—alone—and—with a cloud of cavalry hovering on its wings, and another hanging in its rear—that this magnificent force—hardly a day's march from the capital—should leave behind it its fat-famed city rolls out before you like a map. It is indeed a glorious picture, apart from the sacred recollections which hallow the name of this ancient "city of the angels." The eye is struck with the heavy half Moorish style of its architecture—the dusky color of its terraced roofs—the quaint old cupolas of its churches—and above all, towering in the sublimity of their ecclesiastical grandeur, the tall spires of that world renowned Cathedral, that even colossus reared by the hands of man. But for miles upon every side appeared almost desert-like country. Here and there a solitary garden-wound around the low walls of the distant hacienda hall relieved the apparent nakedness of the landscape.

In the far distance rose the Cordillera of the Mexican Andes, and still nearer, the giants, the Popocatepec and the "White Sister," while along the Southern expanse loomed up the Malinche Sierra that forms the boundary between the plain of Puebla and the rich plantations of the tierra caliente.

The East league of the National Road, as you enter the city of Puebla from Amozoc, has been encompassed by a double row of trees, designed for a paseo, and is certainly one of the prettiest in the world. It is broad and level, and serves as a table. A row of small granite pillars running along each side, doubtless intended to support a chain as the limit of pedestrians, forms a very pretty ornament.

Half a mile out, upon this road, is the gorge, and at the end of it as you enter the suburbs the most conspicuous object is the bronze bridge of "Nuestra Senora," (Goodnight.)

On touching this road the American Army was halted, and the General-in-Chief proceeded alone to the gorge to reconnoitre.

This, too, would soon have been stormed, and Malaje would have fallen, and the whole line, for the head being cut off the tail must have died.

This advance on Puebla was a perilous experiment, and its entry, though peaceful, and without opposition, was still a bold one, in a military sense, not less brilliant than if it had been effected amidst the thunders of artillery and the smoke of the dying.

The Occupation of Puebla occurred on the 15th of May, 1847. On the night of the 12th the division of Worth reached Amozoc, a pretty village four leagues from the city, where they halted for the night. On the same night Quitman's brigade, consisting of the Empire and Palmetto regiments, encamped in the pass of the Pilal, four leagues to the rear.

The morning of the 14th rose clear and tranquil. The public authorities of the capital, ignorant of the movements of the army, and therefore unprepared for resistance, were in a state of struggling over the dark crown of the Pilal, when the brigade of Quitman departed from its camp, and filed around the base of the mountain.

The road down Pilal to Amozoc being narrow, and the ground Malpais, and for twenty miles the mountain appears to accompany the road, the formation of the army for the occupation was necessarily limited to the column, and the arms of the service were confined to the duties they were best calculated to perform.

The mountain was one of unusual elevation, and the smoke of the charcoal-burners, as they piled their peaceful avocation among the dark pines of the mountains, rose vertically above the forest, and assembled like a blue column far up into the sky. The shadows were lovely. We had just emerged from the dark pass of the Pilal, and a broad, bright valley lay at our feet. Green fields, bordered with serried fences of the nopal and maguey (the Mexican aloe), and dotted in the midst by grain commenced the reaper—there a clump of wild pepper trees, or a grove of olives, with the fantastic forms of some old dead trees peering out from the dark foliage, and at intervals the spires of a church, or the angels of a convent, lifting the Cross in the resurrectial gaze of many an Aztec decree.

An Old Song broke on the air—marching soldiers emerged from the mountain gorge, every eye was fixed upon them, and every heart beat high. Suddenly a shot from a heavy field piece was fired in our front, and reverberated among the hills with a sullen roar, like distant thunder. Then there was a moment's stillness, and the men sprang to their weapons.

"It is ——— battery—Worth is engaged," shouted half a dozen voices at once.

"Hall!" came from the front, and the white line halted and stood silent and breathless.

"There they go again!" cried some one as the shots from a four gun battery mingled with the rattle of musketry and the smoke of battle.

"Oh, by the powers!" cried an Irish soldier, "we're sorely not going to be kep out as this."

"The divil a fear!" exclaime another,—"for we're sure to be in the thick of it."

General Quitman, at this moment, followed by an Adjutant, dashed past to the front.

The remainder of the line had but to halt and been completed—the train had closed up in the guard, and the order—"Forward—quick time!" once echoed along the lines, and we were again in motion; every eye straining to the front, every heart beating high with excitement. The cannonade still continued. We were too far off to hear the report of musketry.

Presently a dragoon, followed by half a dozen others, came galloping up the road. Their horses are covered with foam.

"It is a retreat!" cries some one.

"We never!" indignantly shout several voices.

The dragoon pulls up his steaming horse and delivers a message to the General. Worth is engaged with Santa Anna! The Mexican had eclustered with four thousand lancers in rear around Amozoc in the night, and attack the small brigade of Lieutenant, with its enormous train in the rear. The firing of artillery continues—the brigade presses forward, full of enthusiasm—the cloud soon becomes a cloud—the sick men seizing their muskets leap from the wagons and rejoin their respective companies—the pallor of disease giving place to the hectic hue of a wild excitement—miles are flung to the rear—an eminence at length is reached, from which the long gray lines of the enemy's lancers are seen scampering off in full flight around the skirts of Malinchi. They had scarcely dared to show themselves within reach of the round shot of Worth's artillery. Disappointment is pictured in every face, which soon gives way to gaiety and good humor, as the two divisions meet after a long separation.

That night this little army of heroes slept securely in the village of Amozoc. Santa Anna had got enough of them, and since Joining to enter the city of Puebla, he passed through its suburbs and threw himself on the defences at San Marcos, on the northeastern of the Rio Frio.

The morning of the 15th re-called its predecessor in brightness and beauty. At early dawn the troops were in motion, and before the sun had fairly risen, the long gray lines of the plain of Amozoc, leaving it to the silent crowd of sallow and apathetic inpeons. A brisk march of a couple of hours, brought us to the hamlet of Acoyete, a miserable village and the last resting point before the towers of Puebla first burst upon the view. They are lost sight of for a mile or two beyond, but on rounding the gorge of a beautiful green hill, the homage suddenly opens, and the whole plain to get into the noble

terrible.—"we shall go down together—down to where your dear son lies sleeping. Oh, I see that pardon you, dear, it! Instead of a judge! Ingrid smiled: I swear! I agree and spit upon him!" The rest of the quivering effusion was too inarticulate, as the coherent, burning and sputtering out by an effort from the

Judge Advocate—had fallen forward on his face, foaming and spasmodically with the violence of his emotions. The blank cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stunned but seem the last hour, and various scenes of the day he rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful confusion.

Two days afterwards the county paper had the following announcement:—

"Died at the Royal Hotel, ——, on the 17th inst., Judge A——, from an access of brain congestion, upon a disorder from which he had imperfectly recovered."

The prophecy was fulfilled!

New Publications.

HISTORICAL RECREATIONS. *By Harriet Martineau. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is an excellent collection of essays on a variety of important subjects in the world. Miss Martineau discusses them with a vigor and clearness of perception and originality of conception to touch, but the soundness of her views and the clear and forcible and consistent manner in which they are expressed give her well qualified for a teacher. The subject is treated in a way that is also deeply instructive, and also brings in its consideration a vigorous and highly critical mind whose powers have been long accustomed to the promotion of goodness and truth, and a heart alive in every fiber to the best interests of her race.

The result of her efforts is a book which every intelligent mother will be glad to have on her shelf. The first portion is filled with renowned men and fresh sentiments on the political professions of the day, and a spirited and healthful commendation of the worthy of the time. Even if she be a spinster she will be benefited. Even if she be a young man or near also, which is hardly probable, still it is well to have valuable truths presented to the mind and frankly stamped upon the mind with the entertaining force of examples drawn from actual life. Mr. M. is no closet philosopher of the day. He has been for many years a close observer of all that affects the interests of his race, and her views are the matured result of much observation and reflection.

In the opening chapter are the following remarks upon a truth more generally acknowledged than practiced, that the education of the mind and moral principles of the human race is the most important of all the sciences:

"We know very well that we are all, through the whole range of society, like a set of ignorant and unprepared children, compared with what we are made capable of being. Our best knowledge is but a glimmering dawn of light at present. We hope well 'increase more and more even to the perfect day.'

Markets.

LPHIA MARKETS.

Afternoon, February 27, 1860.

ESALE.—The demand for superfine ions limited, and the sales have to a trifling extent at $5@5.75 for good brands. The sales for city ly at $5.75 for common to choice

Rye Flour is dull—300 bbls sold at $5.25 per bbl. Unsold Brandywine ated at $5.62½ for Pennsylvania. rts from Philadelphia for a series ks ended

Flour	Rye Flour	Corn Meal
1,000 bbls	100 bbls	1,000 bbls
1,000	100	1,000
1,000	100	1,000
1,000	100	1,000

Selected Poetry.

ISADORE.

BY ALFRED PIKE.

Then set last to see forever—I have lost thee, Isadore!
Thy kind will never rest upon my loyal bosom more;
Thy tender eyes will never more gaze fondly into mine,
Nor those sweet accents be lovingly and trustingly breathed to me.
Then set last to see forever, Isadore!

Then set dead and gone, dear, loving wife—thy lesson is still and cold!
And I at one stride have become most considerable old!
Of our whole world of love and song, then wast the only light,
A star, whose coming left behind, ah! me, how dark the night!

The trees and flowers we planted, here, I and with rainbow hues,
And yet they droop and fade away, as do' they wound sin;
They cannot live without those eyes, to glad them with their light;
Since thy hands ceased to train them, love, they may not grow aright.

Our little ones inquire of me where is their mother dear?
What answer can I make to them, except with tears and fear?
For if I say to Heaven—does the poor things wish to know?—
How is it, and where, and when their mother will return?

Our happy home has now become a lonely, silent place;
Like flowers without its stars, it is without thy kind and face.
Our little ones are still and sad—since love from me was lost I,
Since their mother's spirit, which I see, is fled from my sight.

Their merry laugh is heard no more—they neither sing nor play;
But wander round the little ghosts, the long, long day.
The spider weaves its web across the window at her will,
The flowers I gathered for them last are on the mantel still.

My footsteps through the rooms resound all sadly and forlorn;
The garden gate shines dreamingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings a melancholy strain,
And still pours in like a heavy cloud that's overflowed with rain.

Alas! how changed is all, dear wife, from that sweet eve we sing,
When first thy love for me was told, and thou didst to me cling!
Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears, and pouring out as they spoke
In that old arbor, dear, beneath the rose-arching vine.

The moonlight mingled through the vines, and fell upon thy face,
Which then did lovingly mirror with pure and true-felt grace.
The sentiment became memorized through the dark cloud of thy hair,
As thou a sleeping infant thou didst lean upon me there.

The love and faith though plighted then, with smiles and words of joy,
Were never broken, sweetest one, while thou didst live with me;
Nor angry word, nor angry look, then ever grieve thee sore—
But loved and trusted evermore, as I did worship thee.

Then want my nurse in sickness, and my confidence in health;
Counsel in sorrow, when our love was all our wealth;
The wealth of seems accounted not, love, in such do we,
As Heaven's love, which cannot be
Broken nor by decay consume the kindred and
Then set gone forth—
Never, I have lost thee, love!
At a time—
To children, by Heaven and
Not wound pray to God most earnestly—for our
And be joined to thee in heaven, love!

Life in the Unist

THE METHODIST PREACHER;

OR,

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

In the Life of an Itinerant.

(CONTINUED.)

[A small pamphlet, with the above title, appeared on this city some time ago. Not having seen the whole circumstances, it attracted very little notice. A gentleman, however, who has since seen it, and is in every way competent to vouch for its correctness, has purchased of the author the right to republish it, and we commence this week. We have every confidence that the following will be read with the keenest interest, and we invite the attention of a Methodist itinerant's brother, lost night's Advocate, and Journal, to one who is evidently as stranger to the subject as he is to the truthfulness of the narrative.—*Kentucky Free Lance.*]

HOME AGAIN.—During the last week of my three weeks' journey I felt anxious about my family. I had left them in a strange place, with a stranger. I knew the Lord will provide, down, and fall unwell. The circuit was a very large one, and the roads bad, and very fatiguing for my horse. I had used him very freely—he was a good one, and turns every thing to the best account. But what could the people be thinking about? Only thirty-five dollars to keep me for six months—three months before, and three months after the quarterly meeting! Do they think I can live? Suppose I had not, Providentially, had about forty dollars in my pocket, and was thirty-five dollars ahead. I was usual for a Methodist preacher? What would my poor wife and children have done? But I hadn't unhappy thoughts. *Thank God, I can usually you and about forty dollars*, and has not all things needful for his present labors.

SECOND QUARTERLY MEETING.—Money out four weeks ago. Kill at the store again. Sister E——'s row has gone dry. Hard- last any milk for children for several days. Little Mary sad, she sometimes—"Pa, I don't like this hominy—I'd rather have mush and milk. Why don't you buy a cow? You used to have a cow." It hurt me a good deal.

"I think we'd better give up our coffee, Mary," said I to wife after breakfast, as a substitute for drinking coffee ourselves, buy milk for the children."

"I'll do it," said she. It was not for herself that she said this, but for me. She knew how much I loved coffee, and how I used to miss it. Sometimes I would get a cup at a friend's house. I urged the matter. But she remained resolute. We were yet debating the question, when Sister Brown—"Oh! Mrs. Lee," she had just heard that Sister E——'s cow had gone dry, and that, and that, and that, and quarterage I had received—Conklin's gave very factioning account. Brother C——'s people very kind—always doing for people for their neglect of duties—especially in regard to their ministers' temporal wants. Offended several. Gave thirty dollars. Sister Brown Returned home much depressed in spirits.—Brother Conklin's people have a kind, and well to do class. Went for the doctor—three times. He couldn't seem very willing to come; but could not refuse. Poor preachers' families must not receive of the preacher. Some experience this thing—and feel it. Conklin's people kept me for several days, and my heart is tremble for the result. But the Lord raised her up—blessed be His name! Was called to Mr. Jones's store; had eighteen dollars left for all expenses for three months, and my wife must have more to buy a good many things absolutely necessary to house-keeping.

I talked the matter over with Mary, yesterday—which was the day after I had gotten home. Neither of us can see how are to get along. The house we looked at when we first came can be had for twenty-five dollars a year. We have determined to move to it, for we do not think it right to burden our kind master longer. We shall have to buy a bedstead, and some chairs and kitchen things. Our cowboy-ware was packed in with our bedding. So that will not have to be replaced. But we want so many things that I do not see that we will have any money left to live on after we get there. But, doubtless, the Lord will provide. He has never yet forgotten us. *I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*

Well! we are in our new abode, and quite *empty* fixed. Things look much more comfortable than I could have expected. And what is better, free debtors to all the society we have yet fixed by residency in it. Many frankly told Sister E——, at whose house we have been staying, just how we were situated. She at once set to work to get her friends here, and the three families joined together and raised money enough to all they could spare towards fitting out the new house. Brother —— made us a present of a cow, and the three families joined in the fence. Sister E—— has a good cow, and sweet milk that she sends. Also, she insists I shall have a pig when it grows. So, we haven't thirst of buying a new at present. That we can have just as much milk as we need, if I have just had what the cow's feed cents, and half the price of keeping her through the next winter; by which we will have just the cost of a cow, and just half the cost of keeping her! That settles the business of the cow, that has troubled my mind a great deal. I couldn't help against thinking of the thirty dollars it cost for gold tooth for Sister A——'s daughter—not, and how I had allowed myself to cover the money she then expended, that I might have milk for my tea a cow. But I have no need of one now—I am better without one, for, besides the price of the feed, I get the milk for nothing. I have not yet twice as much to keep but as it will now cost me all the milk I want. Now, I see that it is the better she would have made us, which I shall learn to buy. But we can easily do without that, if necessary. It is only a luxury.

Brother D—— came over their morning. We have been here only five days during the next week, and will bring his family over though, and break up my lot for me, and help me plant a part of it in potatoes. We had plenty of seed. His will also help me lay out a garden, and get every thing that is necessary for it into the ground. Could I ask more? May the good Lord sow many precious seeds in their stead, and water them with the dews of heavenly grace!

Two weeks have passed, and I want again into the saddle. I shall leave a wife and three children, and in the care of kind friends. That mild, gentle face, and those affectionate eyes, will be constantly before me as I pass my way to the heart. Sister E——'s eldest daughter will stay with her by my absence.

With that different feelings do I start out than on any former one! How the Lord, *oh, my God! and forget not all His benefits.* Poor doubter that I am! When I can look back over and feel his warmth, I still believe that he is in the sky. But when clouds gather about his radiant face, and hide him from my view, I tremble lest he has withdrawn from the heavens, and will never again shine brightly down upon me. I often repeat to myself—

> "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust Him for His grace;
> Behind a frowning Providence
> He hides a smiling face.
> His purposes will ripen fast,
> Unfolding every hour;
> The bud may have a bitter taste,
> But sweet will be the flower."

and try, as I do so, to realize, in my own heart the confidence those lines so sweetly express. While I feel their inspiring influence, I think I can never again have one doubt disturbed thought. But, alas! No sooner does the sky become clouded, and the waters become troubled, then, like sinking Peter, I begin to cry out in despair. When shall I obtain the grace that will enable me to honor my Master by trusting in His sure word of promise, in sickness and in health, in prosperity or in adversity, in life or in death! For this degree of grace I daily pray.

FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING.—Some new faces have passed away, and our first quarterly meeting has been a full one. It was a joyful that it has strengthened my hands. Attendance very thin. Only two stewards present, and not ever one-third of the society represented, had little power in preaching, for the people seemed to be so much afraid of being put to the love-feast. My wife soul much refreshed. A few of the scenes were melted in tears.

Sunday-morning—Sixty-five dollars. Stewards sorry it wasn't more—but had done the best they could to make collections. The people were very poor. Some of them didn't see that much money in a whole year. Hoped I'd be able to go on among until next camp-meeting, when a better collection would no doubt be made. Got along! Oh, yes, I shall get along. Have always got along, and trust in Him who feeds the ravens. True, all the money has been gone for some time. Rewards sensi fat a week's